

THE TRIBUNE

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A. D. MATTHEWS H. LUTHER FLY
Editors and Managers.

The dates of the Adrian Street Fair are announced Sept. 8th 9th and 10th.

Harrisonville has a new restaurant which rejoices in the somewhat peculiar name of "The Poodle Dog."—Bologna Sausage? Never!!

Nevada and Clinton are both arguing for the Pythian Home. Nevada is sure she will get it and Clinton is equally optimistic. Someone will be disappointed.

The Butler Democrat and the Bates County Record are wrangling as to whether insurance is cheaper than it used to be or not. We would suggest that they call in some expert testimony.

The County Court has distributed twelve hundred dollars cash received from saloon license at Rich Hill to the other townships of the county, fifty dollars to each. It might be a question whether townships in favor of local option and so voted have any moral or other right to share in this fund. We are anxiously awaiting to hear from our esteemed friend Louis Moore, of the Telephone who will doubtless advise against touching a single cent of this "tainted" money. We shall see what we shall see.—Bates Co. Record.

The following is a very truthful remark: "The man who grows up in his native town is regarded as a boy by his elders until he is well started down the declivity of life that ends in a hole. The stranger who comes into a place is more often pushed to the front than the young man who has grown up with the town. This is the reason why so many young men become dissatisfied with their home surroundings and long to cast their lot in other quarters."—Amsterdam Enterprise.

A preacher came at a newspaper man in this way: "You editors do not tell the truth. If you did you could not live; your newspapers would be a failure." The editor replied: "You are right, and the minister who will at all times and under all circumstances tell the whole truth about his members, alive or dead, will not occupy his pulpit more than one Sunday, and then he will find it necessary to leave town in a hurry. The press and the pulpit go 'hand-in-hand' with the whitewash brushes and pleasant words, magnifying little virtues into big ones. The pulpit, the pen and the grave-stone are the great saint-making triumvirate." And the minister went away looking very thoughtful, while the editor turned to his work and told about the unsurpassing beauty of the bride, while in fact she was as homely as a mud fence.—Cass Co. Democrat.

Ballad of the Reference Librarian.

Will Harvard win, or is it Yale?
How do you build a language?
Is "esoteric" the French for snail?
Have you a life of H. J. Brown?
What is it that makes the snail slow?
What was it when the river Eke?
Was Brown truly such a snail?
Go ask that man behind the desk!

How long did Byron stay in jail?
Have you the man behind the desk?
How old was Captain Nathan Hale?
In science, where do crickets get?
What is a rhyme for "bookish"?
Who wrote the "Tales of Anarques"?
Have you the plays of Marivaux?
Go ask that man behind the desk!

What makes you "let us take no part"?
What is your job, I'd like to know?
Was said "There's no such word as fail"?
How do you make a snail with snail?
What else have you by that snail?
Ain't you now just just just?
Have you a book on how to snail?
Go ask that man behind the desk!

ENVOY.
Don't forget to ask the snail about
Please tell me how to snail?
What's now by Edgar Allan Poe?
Go ask that man behind the desk!
—Librarian's Record.

A Patient Sufferer.

"Why don't he come? He never treated me this way before. I am so thirsty and hungry! Why don't he come?"

"Twas only a grey pony which thus mused to itself as it stood tied in front of a nearby saloon in Cottonwood one day last week.

Hour after hour went by. Higher and higher climbed the hot sun, lower and lower drooped the head of the patient little pony.

"It was only half past five when my master fed and watered me this morning and I was so proud when he saddled and bridled me, for this is the first time he has ridden me into town. He usually walks as we live so near."

"I know it must be dinner time. I am hungry and oh, so thirsty, and it is getting too warm here now."

"There is my master. At last he will care for me! Why, what does this mean? This is where people walk. My master never rode me up and down the sidewalk before. What ails him? I wonder. He doesn't feel right in the saddle and his hand is unsteady on the rein. Can it be he that he is going to tie me here again? Please master give me food and water just a little water."

"He has gone in that building again. I can't understand why he stays in there so long."

Again the patient head sank low. From foot to foot the weight of the body was shifted as time crept on.

"There is my master again! I will not act as if I suffered."

"Why, see! He has fallen. He is crawling up those steps to that place again. Is he sick? Poor master!"

"I am so tired, hungry and thirsty. Why must I be punished like this? I have been a patient, gentle horse. If I could only reach that trough by that pump right there perhaps there is water in it and yonder is some green grass. How good it would taste! My mouth is so dry and the sun is hot and the saddle on my back makes me sweat."

The long afternoon wore away and supper time came and went.

"What does this mean? This is not my master. Where am I being led? What is this that I see? A pump and horses drinking? Hurry and take me there. Water at last!"

Burying its nose deep in the cool water the poor little animal drank its fill. In the livery barn it was fed and passed most of the night before its master came to take it away.

If the Great God heeds the fall of a sparrow, He noted the suffering of this poor dumb brute and will not let the cruelty of the owner go unpunished, for he is a just God.—Stanley Co. (S. D.) Register

Daysey Mayme Appleton was reading a newspaper last night when suddenly she gave a scream and fell to the floor in a dead faint. Now, according to the books and tradition, Daysey Mayme fainted because she read the announcement of an old sweetheart's marriage or death (and it will turn out afterward, according to the books and tradition, that he was a cousin of her old sweetheart by the same name. But real life is so unlike the books and tradition. Upon being revived, Daysey Mayme related that she saw hosiery advertised for 27 cents that she had paid 35 for the day before.—Atchison Globe.

Mrs. J. S. Craig and son, Cleo, of Rich Hill, Mrs. Emma Davis, of New Orleans, and Mrs. Annie Snyder and grandson, of Kansas City, arrived the latter part of last week for an extended visit at the home of Rev. King Stark. Mrs. Craig is Mrs. Stark's mother, Mrs. Davis an aunt and Mrs. Snyder a great-aunt.—Cass Co. Leader.

Cigarettes and Deadly Weapons.

A new law which goes into effect August 10th prohibits the smoking of cigarettes by youths under 18 years of age and fixes the fine at ten dollars.

Provision is also made for a fine of not less than ten dollars or more than one hundred for the first offence of any one giving away or selling cigarettes or tobacco for the purpose of making cigarettes to persons under 18 years of age. Second offence five hundred dollars. It is also provided that one-half of the fine shall go to the complaining witness.

The new law relating to carrying concealed weapons makes it a felony for any man not an officer of the law to carry concealed weapons in the state. This means a fine of not less than fifty dollars or more than one thousand or not less than fifty days in jail. There is absolutely no excuse under the new law which will be taken when a man is found carrying a revolver, dirk, brass knuckles or any other deadly weapon. It is also illegal for merchants to exhibit deadly weapons in their show windows for sale.

These laws will probably be rigidly enforced so it will be well to take notice in time.

Why Pity the Farmer.

Mr. Mann, of Goeda Springs, loaded a large, fat hog into his automobile and took it to market in Arkansas City, where he got a good price for the porker. It took him a mighty short time to get the hog to town and get the cash for it. A few minutes scrubbing fixed the auto so that it did not smell like a barnyard, and the hog probably enjoyed the ride. What's the use holding meetings trying to improve conditions of farm life?—Wichita (Kan.) Eagle.

W. H. Rapps Papa.

A baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Rapps at Yukon Okla. Aug. 3rd weight 9lbs. Mother and child doing well. This information reached Rich Hill by post card Thursday morning. Mr. Rapps is a citizen of Rich Hill and a base ball player on the Oklahoma City team. We are further informed that his team mates presented Mr. Rapps with a baby carriage on the base ball grounds just before the game came off the following day.

The most scantily appreciated piece of property in the world is the country newspaper. One dollar for a country paper is the cheapest investment a man ever makes. It brings richer and more abundant returns than any other one dollar we may send out in in any single year. Fifty-two times in the 12 months we collect the interest on that dollar. Fifty-two times in a year our wives and children gather from that little paper some paragraph of information, some item of news, some gleam of patriotism, some moral sentiment some ray of hope, sometimes to greater and nobler effort that is worth more than the cost of the paper. Perhaps we are not aware, at the time, that we are receiving any benefits from this modest little weekly visitor, but do not turn it away from your door without listening to its simple message. It is a faithful missionary and is sowing in the minds and hearts of your children little seeds that in time, will spring up and bring forth fruit one hundred fold.—Jackson (Miss.) Union Advocate.

Who Will Volunteer?

We would like to have a correspondent in your neighborhood. We have special inducements to offer correspondents. Write to us about it.

The Rich Hill Tribune

Woman's Beauty

Some women retain their beauty to an advanced age. But women, who regularly endure pain, age rapidly, for suffering leaves its lasting marks on them.

Nearly all women suffer more or less with some form of female trouble. It should not be neglected. Avoid the pain—treat yourself at home by taking Cardui, as thousands of other women have done. Begin at once and give Cardui a fair trial.

TAKE CARDUI

It Will Help You

Mrs. Katie Burlison, Goreville, Ill., tried Cardui and writes: "I suffered with female troubles, and was so sick I could not stand on my feet. Finally I began to take Cardui, and soon began to mend. Now I am able to do all my housework and am in much better health than I was before." Try it.

AT ALL DRUG STORES

County Exhibitors.

I am pleased to inform the readers of your paper that I now have a supply of State Fair Premium Lists in my office for distribution to those who are interested in making exhibits at the Missouri State Fair at Sedalia this fall. The State Fair dates from Oct. 2 to 8th.

Our State Fair is growing at a rapid rate and the premiums and additional departments and I hope that a large number of exhibits will be made by citizens of this county. There is no better opportunity to advertise the resources of our county than to make good exhibits at the State Fair.

The Directors are making a special effort this year for a big Corn Show in addition to the regular agricultural exhibits. The premiums for county exhibits are large and will more than pay the expenses of getting together a good exhibit.

C. G. Weeks, County Clerk

Boy Drowned.

Taylor Woolridge, the 17-year old son of Frank M. Woolridge, one of the most popular sheriffs that Cass county ever had and warden of the Missouri state penitentiary under the administration of Governor A. M. Dockery, died at Pleasant Hill early last Friday morning as the result of hemorrhages brought on by a drowning accident from which he had been rescued some four or five hours earlier.

The accident is one of the most pathetic in the history of Pleasant Hill and one that simply saddened the whole community with grief and sympathy. The victim of this sad affair was just as well known in this city as in Pleasant Hill by having spent almost the first half of his life in this city, and he kept up his acquaintance here by frequent visits.

Call at the Pontius Confectionary for cool summer drinks, ice cream, candies etc.

The Newspaper.

The Newspaper is a reflection of the actions of a community. The life of a community depends upon its actions. The acts of the people are told in the columns of the paper.

The activity of the business men is told by their advertising—no ad, very little life and activity.

Do You Advertise?

READ THE TRIBUNE

Our UP-TO-DATE

ADS Make The

TRIBUNE

The Best

ADVERTISING

MEDIUM IN RICH HILL

PHONE 52



In Planning your Summer Outings Consult the Frisco Agent

for suggestions as to pleasant places to visit, and round trip fares and train service.

Geo. B. Conover Rich Hill - Mo.

SPEND the WEEK-END at PERTLE SPRINGS

A Pleasant Rest Spot Conveniently Near.



Boating, Fishing, Golf, Hunt, and many other pleasures.

R. A. Bailey, Agent.